be cajoled into virtue by artful flattery and ſexual compliments?—Speak to them the language of truth and ſoberneſs, and away with the lullaby ſtrains of condeſcending endearment! Let them be taught to reſpect themſelves as rational creatures, and not led to have a paſſion for their own inſipid perſons. It moves my gall to hear a preacher deſcanting on dreſs and needle-work; and ſtill more, to hear him addreſs the *Britiſh fair*, *the faireſt of the fair*, as if they had only feelings.

Even recommending piety he uſes the following argument. 'Never, perhaps, does 'a fine woman ſtrike more deeply, than 'when, compoſed into pious recollection, and 'poſſeſſed with the nobleſt conſiderations, 'ſhe aſſumes, without knowing it, ſuperiour 'dignity and new graces; ſo that the beau-'ties of holineſs ſeem to radiate about her, 'and the by-ſtanders are almoſt induced to 'fancy her already worſhipping amongſt her 'kindred angels!' Why are women to be thus bred up with a deſire of conqueſt? the very epithet, uſed in this ſenſe, gives me a ſickly qualm! Does religion and virtue offer no ſtronger motives, no brighter reward? Muſt they always be debaſed by being made to

to conſider the ſex of their companions? Muſt they be taught always to be pleaſing? And when levelling their ſmall artillery at the heart of man, is it neceſſary to tell them that a little ſenſe is ſufficient to render their attention *incredibly ſoothing*? 'As a ſmall degree 'of knowledge entertains in a woman, ſo 'from a woman, though for a different rea-'ſon, a ſmall expreſſion of kindneſs delights, 'particularly if ſhe have beauty!' I ſhould have ſuppoſed for the ſame reaſon.

Why are girls to be told that they reſemble angels; but to ſink them below women? Or, that a gentle innocent female is an object that comes nearer to the idea which we have formed of angels than any other. Yet they are told, at the ſame time, that they are only like angels when they are young and beautiful; conſequently, it is their perſons, not their virtues, that procures them this homage.

Idle empty words! What can ſuch deluſive flattery lead to, but vanity and folly? The lover, it is true, has a poetic licence to exalt his miſtreſs; his reaſon is the bubble of his paſſion, and he does not utter a falſehood when he borrows the language of adoration. His imagination may raiſe the idol of his